

Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XV—NO. 24.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1803.

WHOLE NO. 763

THE EVENTFUL JOURNEY.

A TALE.

IT was about seven o'clock in the evening, when the Earl of Anglesford arrived at Fladong's hotel: He was attended only by his valet Du Frang, and one groom; for his hasty journey to town was a matter of business, not pleasure. "A quelle heure vill mi Lor please to dine?" asked the obsequious Du Frang. "I know not---I shall be none---get what you will," was the Earl's answer, as he paced the room in perturbation. "Mi Lor vill be famished. Mon Dieu! no breakf---! no sandwich! no dinner! mi Lor will die!" scarcely able to restrain from laughing at this pious remonstrance, the Earl replied, "Well, Du Frang, let them bring me some warm wine; and inquire if my steward has been here." Du Frang withdrew. The steward had not been; and Lord Anglesford, when he had taken his wine, sat out a foot for his house, the agitation of his mind not allowing him to wait till a messenger could be dispatched to him. The Earl had but recently obtained his title from a childless uncle, by whose sudden death the Hon. Mr. Fitzmurry became a peer, and inheritor of a splendid fortune. He is about six-and-thirty years of age, handsome, engaging, and dissipated. One of his earliest attachments had terminated in a way productive of miseries to himself, and ruin to a lovely woman, whose subsequent infidelity to her seducer was the only apparent palliation of his faults. Rosa Wellington had engaged his affections; and, though a variety of circumstances had prevented his marrying her, her misconduct deeply wounded his feelings; yet he determined to protect her child from the misfortunes and errors of its mother. Eliotore was placed at school, and a liberal education bestowed on her. On her removal, she was placed under the care of Mr. Byngley, his Lordship's steward, who was appointed to act as guardian till some plan was fixed for her more advantageous establishment; but while his Lordship's mind was occupied by this important decision, a letter from his steward gave him the distressing information that further trouble would be unnecessary, as Miss Fitzmurry had withdrawn herself from his protection, to follow the fortunes of a young profligate adventurer, with whom she had formed a clandestine acquaintance. Stung to the heart by her worthlessness, yet determined to investigate the affair thoroughly, Lord Anglesford hastened to London, where he had but a short time back hoped to embrace a child whom he had never seen since her infancy, but who had never been absent from his heart.

Lord Anglesford found Mr. Byngley at home. "Well, Sir, have you found my daughter?" was his first interrogation. "My Lord, I am extremely sorry to say I have not. Here is the adventurer, in which she is offered the forgiveness of her friends if she will return. A week has elapsed, and, to my inexpressible concern, no notice has been taken of it." Lord Anglesford sighed, and dropped the subject: he laid looking over some accounts till near ten o'clock, when he thought it time to return to his hotel. Passing the Opera House, he saw the doors opening for a masquerade. "I shall sleep none to night, thought he; I may as well divert myself here." He went home, took

some soup, for he felt faint and exhausted; Du Frang put some powder in his hair, and again he sallied forth. The room was full, the company gay; but he partook not of their mirth. As he was strolling along hithertho about two o'clock, a tall elegant girl, in a pale blue domino, approached him. His Lordship had taken a few glasses of Burgundy, and was rather in better spirits. The lady placed her hand on his sleeve; her glove was drawn off, and her hand was the most beautiful he remembered to have seen. "Suppose we retire," said she: "this place fatigues me. I do not wish to abridge your amusement; but if you are not very much fascinated, I wish you would accompany me home." Her voice was melodious, and she spoke with the accent of a well-bred woman. Lord Anglesford pressed her hand gently, and led her to the door. "I believe the number of the coach is two hundred and twenty-three," said she. Lord Anglesford left her a moment, and went to seek it. His search was successful; and, determined to pursue the adventure, he handed her in. "Am I to drive where the gentleman ordered?" asked the coachman. "Certainly," was her answer, and she threw herself back in the coach. Lord Anglesford now began to think he had done wrong. The lady had probably mistaken his person; and as he had only addressed her in a low voice, she might have continued in her error. At all events, he resolved to see where the coach would stop before he undid her. Complaining of the heat, she threw off her mask; and, by the accidental light of the lamps they passed, he perceived she was young and beautiful. While Lord Anglesford was lost in conjecture, the coach stopped at the door of a house, the appearance and situation of which completely satisfied his Lordship's scruples; and he immediately broke his long-constrained silence by a hearty laugh at his own stupidity. Roused by his sudden exclamation, the young lady raised her head, and demanded where he had brought her. "Where the coachman was ordered, my dear girl," Lord Anglesford replied. She shrieked. "Ah, mercy!—A strange voice!—This odd-looking house!—Oh, what have I done!—For pity's sake, Sir, take me home."—Lord Anglesford treated this as a trick, and begged her to alight. She burst into tears, exclaiming, "What will become of me!—Who will protect me! Oh, my dear Mrs. Barlow, why did you let me go to a masquerade?" Lord Anglesford endeavored to pacify her. He assured her, that if she was really a virtuous woman, he would not insult her, but would take her wherever she pleased. "Oh then, coachman, pray drive to Mrs. Barlow's in Berner's Street." The man muttered, "The gentleman ordered me to drive here when he got out at the Opera House, and this is as good a home as that." "Oh, pray take me there," was all she could say. Lord Anglesford insisted on the coachman driving there, though much astonished at the whole affair. The agitation of the lady was too excessive to admit of conversation, or Lord Anglesford would have asked many questions; he therefore contented himself with requesting permission to call on the following day, that they might properly investigate a transaction which had occasioned so much alarm to the young lady, and asto-

nishment to himself. This was accordingly granted; and as the family were retired for the night, he withdrew immediately at the lady's desire, not without ruminating upon the coachman's words, "This house is as good as that." Being questioned by Lord Anglesford, the man declared that it was kept by a woman of bad repute; and Lord Anglesford thought it probable that it might be in his power to save an innocent girl from ruin. Again he imagined her behavior was but a piece of refined artifice to delude him, and thus bewildered in conjecture, he bent his course to the hotel. It was four o'clock in the morning, the lamps gave but a feeble light; and his lordship, on alighting, was near falling over a man who was stretched along the steps. Imagining him to be intoxicated, he gave the man a hasty push, when a groan of pain drew his attention. The door of the hotel was soon opened, and the servant in waiting brought forth a light, by the aid of which they discovered that the man was bleeding to death. A pistol lay near him, which led them to conjecture that he had himself perpetrated the horrid act. By the Earl's order, he was brought into the house, and a surgeon sent for, by whose assistance the young man was soon restored to sense and motion. He gazed anxiously around. "Where am I? Oh why did you call me back to wretchedness?" Lord Anglesford was affected; for the appearance of the stranger bespoke more than common distress. They offered him some cordial; he waved his hand; "Oh, if you have mercy shew it to my mother! I deserve none: even now she perishes for want. Oh take her a morsel of bread. Oh, save my mother." Lord Anglesford assured him he should be relieved; upon which he took some refreshment, for he seemed really famishing. His dress, though shabby and disordered, was fashionably made, and his person genteel. In reply to Lord Anglesford's enquiries, he informed him, that his mother was a widow in extreme distress; distress which he acknowledged to have brought on her by his own extravagance. Her name, he said, was Anneley; her residence in Wardour Street. When his Lordship had dispatched Du Frang to her with the necessary relief, he proceeded to give the following account of himself.

"My father was a lieutenant in the army: he fell in battle; and the pension allowed by government to an officer's widow was all she had to support herself and two children, of whom I was the eldest. Being the exact resemblance of my father, I was beloved and indulged to the extent of maternal affection. Fatal indulgence! since it has caused our ruin. A second attachment, or, perhaps, the hope of providing better for her children, induced my mother to marry again: but, unhappily, her expectations were not fulfilled. Her second husband died insolvent; her pension was forfeited, and we had no means of subsistence. My mother endeavored to establish a little school; my sister worked at her needle; and I was supported in idle dissipation. It is needless to say that many mean subterfuges were requisite to support such a life; and my soul revolted at them; but the pride which was in some respect laudable, was in many others injurious to us, since it withheld me from making proper exertions for our

support. My sister had been educated at school; she had a friend whose beauty had made a deep impression on my heart, Miss Fitzmurry!"—"Fitzmurry!" exclaimed Lord Anglesford; but checking himself, in the hope of learning his daughter's fate, he added carefully, "I once had a friend of that name; he is now Earl of Anglesford." "She is his daughter," said Anneley, smiling, "amiable as lovely." He seemed so much exhausted by the conversation, that Lord Anglesford, in compassion, restrained his own curiosity, and, after two hours' repose, from which he derived considerable advantage, he resumed his narrative.

[To be continued.]

PUNISHMENT OF CRUELTY.

EARLY in the 15th century, a highland robber having taken two crowns from a poor woman, she declared she would wear no shoes until he had complained to the king. The savage in ridicule of her oath, nailed horse-shoes to her feet. When her wounds were healed she proceeded to the royal presence, told her story, and shewed her scars, the just monarch instantly dispatched orders to secure the thief, who being brought to Perth, and condemned, the king commanded that he should be clothed in a canvas-trunk, on which was painted the figure of a man fastening horse-shoes to a woman's feet. In this dress he was exhibited through the streets of the city for two days, then dragged at the tail of a horse to the gallows, and then hanged.

OBSERVATION.

THE calamities attendant on a state of war, seem to have prevented the mind of man from viewing it in the light of an absurdity, and an object of ridicule as well as pity. But if we could suppose a superior being capable of beholding us miserable mortals without compassion, there is, I think, very little doubt but the variety of military manœuvres and formalities, the pride, the pomp, and circumstance of war, and all the ingenious contrivances for the glorious purposes of mutual destruction, which seem to constitute the business of many whole kingdoms, would furnish him with an entertainment like that which is received from the exhibition of a farce or a puppet-show. But notwithstanding the ridiculousness of all these solemnities, we also are doomed to feel that they are no farce, but the concomitant circumstances of a most woeful tragedy.

LIGHT ARTICLES.

THE learned gentleman, who has written on the disease of the tongue, attributes them all to want of rest.

A man who has lately written a book on the inexpediency of medicine, begins by what he calls an axiom. If your constitution is bad, it is not worth repairing; if good, it does not want repair.

AN old coquette and flanderer, is like a rose bad in winter; the flowers and leaves are decayed, and nothing remains but the thorns.

A wit describing the universal Empire of Love, drolly describes its onsets among the finny race.

Love affails,
And warms, 'mid seas of ice, the melting whales,
Cools crimson'd Cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
Shrinks shrivell'd shrimps, and opens oysters' hearts.

A fair Cyprian in Richmond, having, in a fit of indolence, applied herself to the business of Mantuamaking, affixed over the window of her lodgings, a painted board, which, by a trifling orthographical error, was inscribed thus—"Jane Smith, Mantuamenter."

ANECDOTES.

A gentlewoman who was a sort of a Lady Bountiful in her village, and remarkable for making better mince pies than any one in the county, finding a minor poet who once dined with her, very profuse in his praise of their flavor, &c. very kindly sent him half a score as a present. In return he sent her a copy of verses in their praise. The next time they met, the good lady, after thanking him for the honor he had done her party, said that she was now even with him; for since he had made verses upon her pies, she had made pies upon his verses.

A gentleman one day insisted on weighing a lady, and to gratify his curiosity, she stepped into the scale; he laid on all the weights he could find handily. Finding there was not an equal balance, he put his foot on the scale, which quickly turned it. The gentleman took this opportunity to tell her that "her weight was very heavy." "It is very true sir," replied the lady, "for one foot weighed me down."

MAD MARY.

By the Rev. JOHN BLAIR LINN, of Philadelphia.

I PAUS'D to hear a wild and plaintive strain,

Which rose complaining on the evening breeze,

"Ah! 'tis poor Mary," said a passing swain,

"Nightly she sings beneath those darksome trees.

Once she was gladsome, and the fairest maid

"That ever blest'd or trod our rural plain;

But by a villain Mary was betray'd;

She never laugh'd---she never smil'd again,

"Sad, ruin'd maid! she loves to be alone,

She flies and hides her sorrow in the wood,

That there unnotic'd she may pour her moan,

And give indulgence to her wayward mood.

"Oft have I seen her climb the hillock's height,

And sit and murmur o'er the brawling stream,

Oft have I seen her at the dead of night,

Rove wet with dew and watch the moon's pale beam.

"I've seen her with a willow bind her head,

And twine her robe of white with wreaths of green,

Ah! Sir I fear that Mary's wits have fled---

So chang'd is she, from what she once has been."

The Swain paus'd on---Excited by this tale,

I stood and listen'd to Mad Mary's lay:

Her accents wafted on the mournful gale,

Were there; I wrote them by the lunar ray.

"Henry has left me---left me all alone,

Left me to struggle in this world of woe;

His heart was harder than this mossy stone,

His love was colder than the winter's snow.

"Poor Mary's sad. The world cares not for me.

A crazy bark I am, tost'd by the wave.

My cruel Henry whither dost thou flee?

Return and weep o'er Mary's early grave.

"Once I was fair, for Henry told me so;

The village clown turn'd after me and gaz'd;

But now their fingers mock me as I go,

They pity me, and say that I am craz'd.

"Perhaps 'tis so---and why should I complain?

Thee tatter'd garments and this tangled hair,

An eye that rolls in wildness and in pain,

May well to all a phrenzied state declare.

Far from the hated world, then let me fly,

Thow o'er me woods your deep and friendly shade,

Expose me not to Man's insulting eye,

And let no footstep on my banish'd ivade!

"Ye dews of night descend upon my breast,

And quench i' raving and consuming flame!

Come lingering death and give poor Mary rest,

In thy embraces let me hide my shame."

DIRGE.

OFF to the spot where Agnes lies,

Wrapt in the arms of endless sleep,

Each pale ey'd gazer shall repair,

And o'er her cold remains shall weep.

Around her tomb their Virgin hands

Shall twine each flow'r that scents the gale;

And with the humble lily blend

The violet and the primrose pale.

For such thy purity demands,

Like them thou hid'st thy charms, sweet maid;

Like them thy modest virtues bloom'd,

To deck a solitary shade.

While the full organ peals around,

And fragrant clouds of incense roll;

The solemn pray'r shall swell the sound,

Which waits to heavn' thy soul's foul.

At eve, when through the lengthen'd aisle

The moon's departing rays shall stream,

On thy white urn they'll play awhile,

And shed a solitary gleam.

The pilgrim oft this spot shall seek,

At that calm hour when all's serene,

When no intrusive foot shall break

The peaceful silence of the scene.

And oft, when midnight's shadowy hour

Has wrapt the world in awful gloom;

Faint strains shall rise, and wretched forms

Shall chaunt a requiem o'er thy tomb.

LACONIC EPITAPH.

HERE lies the body of JOHN SMITH,
Spitalfield Weaver---and that's all.

THE EARL OF CRAWFORD.

THIS Nobleman, so remarkable for his thirst of gallantry, exhibited a very extraordinary instance of courage and pluck of mind, on the morning that preceded the battle of Rocoux, in the Netherlands, October 1746. He and some volunteers, accompanied by an aid-de-camp, and tended by two orderly dragoons, had sode out before a to reconnoitre the situation of the enemy, and fell in with one of their advanced guards; the sergeant who commanded it, immediately turned out his men, and their pieces were presented when the Earl first perceived them. Without betraying the least mark of disorder, he rode up to the sergeant assuming the character a French General, told him in that language, that there was no occasion for that money; then he asked him if he had seen any of the army's parties, and being answered in the negative, "Well, said he, be upon your guard, and if you should be attacked, I will take care you shall be sustained;" so saying, he and his company retired, before the sergeant could collect himself from the surprise occasioned by this unexpected address. In all probability he was soon sensible of his mistake, for the incident was that very day mentioned in the French army. The prince of Tingry, officer in the Austrian service, having been taken a prisoner in the battle that ensued, dined with the Marshal Count Saxe, who dismissed him on his parole, and desired him to charge himself with a facetious compliment to his friend the Earl of Crawford; he wished his lordship of being a French General; and said, he could not but be being displeased with the sergeant, as he had not procured him the honor of his Lordship's company to dinner.

DRINKING.

THE Swiss were once more famous for pouring forth copious libations to Bacchus than any other nation, even the Germans excepted. We are told in the vivacious annals of that country, of a French Ambassador, who being recalled by his Count, took leave of the Deputies of the Cantons. "Sir," said one of them, "you will quit us without taking a STURUP DRINK." "A STURUP DRINK," replied the Ambassador, "ought always to be drunk out of a boot;" and taking off one of his, and filling it, drank it off at a draught, put it on, and mounting his horse, he left the people transported at the sight of such an action.

MORAL.

THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE.

A wretched youth, disengaged with love, was wandering through the desert, his head uncovered, and feet bare, tormented by hunger, and unable to procure the smallest morsel of bread, he murmured against Providence, and exclaimed, "That no creature in the world was in such want of food." At this moment a grisly half-famished wolf rushed on the affrighted wanderer, and began, with horrible growlings, to tear his garments. "Gracious God! (cried he) pardon my impious murmur; life is still sweet---wretched as I am, let me not be damned! I now behold a creature more afflicted by hunger than myself---thy justice has consigned me to the jaws of this ravenous beast; but thy mercy can still extricate me from them." When the prostrate youth had uttered these words, the wolf retired from him, and vanished in the desert.

REMARKS.

THERE is no end of books. Many libraries are furnished for sight and contemplation, rather than use; the indexes not to be read over in an age: And in this multitude, how great a part of them are either dangerous, or not worth reading! A few books well chosen, and made use of, will be more profitable than a great collection of Alexandrian Library.

Some will read over, or rather over read a book, with a view only to find fault, like a venomous spider, exuding a poisonous quality, where the industrious bee sipps a sweet and profitable juice.

A great many people are too fond of books, as they are of furniture, to dress and set off their rooms, more to adorn and enrich their minds.

ANECDOTE.

THE writers of the present time are very whimsical in their choice of titles for their works. We noticed a few days ago a work that was called ANIMALS BIOGRAPHY, or ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS; and now a medical man we find has come forward with ANNALS OF HUMANITY. The latter, we presume, must be a history of the human race, who are all perhaps MAD to a certain degree, however wise they may think themselves.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

BEET was the smile which, ere thou yet could'st speak,
In thine eyes, and dimpled thy fair cheek!
Sweet was thy smile, when the chill hand of Death
In the hour of sleep, thy balsmy breath!
Sweet thy smile shall be, when, mid the choir
Hymning cherubs, thou shalt well aspire
Meet thy Saviour, borne on wings of wind,
And cast all sublunary fear behind.
Such the smiles which God's acceptance prove;
Such the smiles of Innocence and Love.

ANECDOTE.

A French General, of former days, who by the fortune
was obliged to yield himself and army prisoners,
to his more successful enemy. General, you have the
power to have conquered the bravest troops in the world,
and will certainly except, said the other, those that con-
quered them.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, June 11, 1803.

The Comptroller and Treasurer of this State, certify,
determine, and declare, that John Broome, in the South-
ern District, Robert Johnstone, Joshua H. Brett, and
James Burr, in the Middle District; John Woodworth,
John Taylor, Edward Savage, Thomas Treadwell, and
Simon Veedor, in the Eastern District; and Caleb Hyde,
in the Western District, are respectively elected Sena-
tors.

We understand that the house of Mr. John Mode, in
Greenwich-Street, was struck with lightning, on Saturday
evening and considerably damaged. Of thirty-two
persons, in the house at the time, no one was in the least
hurted.---We are also informed that the Toll-House on
Hackensack Bridge, was struck on the same evening, and
together with a part of the bridge, was consumed.---no
lives were lost.---Two horses were killed at Bergen, New-
Jersey.

Some damage has been done at Baltimore by the light-
ning on Saturday evening. A Portuguese ship was struck
by a flash which shivered her mainmast, without doing any
other mischief, although a number of the crew were near
the mast at the time of the accident.

During the month of May last, from the first to the 21st
inclusive, one British Packet, 29 ships, 26 sloops, 71
brigs, 113 schooners, and 51 sloops entered the port of
New-York; of these, 63 were from Europe, 1 from the
East-Indies, 82 from the West-Indies, and 141 (including
several from the British colonies in America) coasters.
Total number, 287.

On or about the evening of the 22d, or 23d, ult. a
portable desk, containing ten thousand dollars in gold, sil-
ver and bank bills, was stolen from the house of Nathaniel F. Foddick, Portland. The desk rifled of the money,
has been found under his barn. He has offered 1000 dol-
lars reward for the arrest of the thief or thieves, and the
recovery of the property.

The sloop Warden, Capt. Mitchell, of Providence, R. I.
is arrived at Newport from New-Providence. On her
homeward passage in the Gulf Stream, fell in with two
wrecks, without any person on board; one of them was
a Spanish vessel, which from appearances had carried live
stock; the other a schooner, with some flock then alive.---
The latter vessel he towed some days, hoping to get her in;
but a gale coming on, was obliged to set her once more
adrift, having previously saved some cables and anchors.

A Charleston paper of 26th May, says---the Schooner
Lydia, Capt. Patterson, 25 days from New-Orleans, an-
chored off the bar this morning.---Captain Patterson came
up to town in the pilot boat, and informs that at the time
of his sailing (May 1) the port had not been opened for
deposit; although great quantities of produce was im-
mured ashore. The Spaniards were in hopes the Kentuckians
would come down and take possession of N. Orleans,
previous to the arrival of the French troops.---the general
sentiments of the inhabitants, although not openly expres-
sed, being averse to a French Government. The sloop of
war which brought out the Prefect and his family, had
sailed for France.

A few years since, James Malone, Esq. Mayor of Cork,
imagining, if he could strip the beggars of the miserable
and sickly appearance they generally made, he should di-
stil them of the strong claim to the charity of the hu-
mane, came to the following agreement with one Geoghe-
gan, one of the constables, who was by trade a barber,
viz.---He directed the barber to seize all the beggars he
found strolling within the limits of the city, for each of
whom he promised a reward; but instead of bringing them
before him (the Mayor) he was to take them to his shop,
and there shave, wash, dress, and powder them in the
gentlemanly manner. He seized about half a dozen, and
with the assistance of razors, washball, scissars, and pow-
der puffs, he so completely metamorphosed them, that those
whom he apprehended as mendicants, when they left his
shop, appeared like incarriages, at least upon the head. This
laughable scheme was attended with such success, that the
whole tribe (during Squire Malone's mayoralty) avoided his
jurisdiction as carefully as if it was visited by a pesti-
lence.

A man lately threw himself from the top of the
gate of St. Dennis, at Paris, on the pavement of the
Boulevards. The moment he was going to throw himself
off, he called out to the people who were passing---"Take
care my friends, for I do not wish to hurt you."

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in the Suite of Mr.
Monroe, to his friend in this city, dated Paris, April
16th, 1803.

"Mr. Monroe was presented to the Minister for For-
eign Affairs on the 14th, by whom he was received with
every mark of attention. He assured him that he was an-
thorised by the First Consul to declare that he heard of his
arrival in France with much satisfaction. Mr. M. will
not be presented to the First Consul until ten days hence,
that being the time appointed for presenting Foreign Mi-
nisters.

"General Bernadotte left Paris on the 13th to embark
for the United States, where he is to reside as Minister for
this Government. It is the general opinion that War is
at no great distance.---Orders were issued two days ago
to prevent the sailing of all French vessels."

ALPHABETICAL QUESTION.

WHAT letters are there in our Alphabet, which will
make five different words of four and the same letters?---
An answer to the above will oblige

CURIOSITUS.

MORTALITY.

AN Angel's arm can't snatch us from the grave;
Legions of Angels can't confine us there.

DIED.

Suddenly on Thursday the 2nd inst. Mr. WILLIAM
HOPKINS, an aged and very respectable inhabitant of
Queens County, Long Island.

CHENEY HIGBE takes this method of tendering
his most sincere and unfeigned thanks to the inhabitants of
Hell-Gate and Newtown, for their benevolent and humane
endeavours to save the life of his son WILLIAM, who had
fallen overboard from a boat, and was drowned near Hell-
Gate, on the 20th of May last. He begs them to accept
his most grateful acknowledgement for afterwards taking
up his son, and for their great care and attention to his
corpse; and also for the trouble which sympathy induced
them to take on themselves by giving him timely information
of the same. New-York, June 11, 1803.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Street.

TICKETS

Whole, in Halves, and Quarters,

IN THE LOTTERY FOR ASSISTING THE SOCIETY
FOR THE RELIEF OF POOR WIDOWS
WITH SMALL CHILDREN.

E. WOOFFENDALE,

MANTUAMAKER AND MILLINER,

Has just received from London, an elegant assortment
of FASHIONS, which are now offered at No. 154 Broad-
Way; he has also on hand, a handsome assortment of Chip
Hats and Bonnets, which come very low.

Five Girls wanted to learn the trade, none need apply
without a good character.

TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. II, FOR THE EN-
COURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE,

For sale at this Office.

COURT OF HYMEN.

CHASTE Love alone should warm each manly breast,
And Marriage be no more an impious jest.---
MARRIAGE! wife Heav'n's appointed law to bind
In just restraints the ungovern'd human-kind:---
From thee,---Relation, all the sacred names
Of Husband, Parent, Son, derive their claims:
Pure instinct! gift of Nature's pu'er Lord,
To man's due reverence be thy rights rever'd!---
Wide may thy gentle rule its empire raise,
And from these pairs acquire distinguish'd praise:
And, if wife Providence the wish approves,
May a fair offspring crown their mutual loves.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening last week, by the Rev. Mr.
Kuypers, ISAAC A. VAN HOEK, Esq. Attorney and Coun-
sellor at Law, to Miss SUSAN PEER, daughter of George
Peek, late of this city, deceased.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr.
JAMES GILLERT, to Miss ELIZABETH BANCER, both
of this city.

On Friday morning, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr.
JOHN BARBARIE, to Miss ANN VAN TUYL, daughter of
Mr. Andrew Van Tuyl, all of this city.

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr.
ZENO ARCHER, merchant, to Miss ANN M'KENZIE, both
of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. EDMUND
MOOREWOOD, to Miss JANE GLOVER, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. JONATHAN
FERRIS, merchant, of this city, to Miss URSULA CATLIN,
daughter of Alexander Catlin, Esq. of Litchfield, (Conn.)

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr.
ENOCH LOCKWOOD, to Miss POLLY DOUGLAS, both of
this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Kunzie, Mr. GEORGE
A. SASSERBERG, to Miss ELIZABETH CAMMEYER,
daughter of Mr. Wm. Cammeyer, all of this city.

On Monday evening, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore,
Capt. THOMAS H. MERRY, to Miss SARAH MARIA TAY-
LOR, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. HENRY
BATES, merchant, to Miss FRANCES BLAAU, both of this
city.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

On Monday evening,

The Child of Nature.

To which will be added, a Grand Heroic Pantomime, in
4 acts, with the introduction of

Cavalry,

Called, LA FILLE HUSSAR, or the
Female Hussar.

With additional new Scenery and Machinery, calculated
to form a spectacle as grand as it is new to the American
Stage.

Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable Lotion

is an effectual cure for

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,
Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Ringworms, Tis-
sue, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose,
Neck or Arms, and Prickly Heat, Scorbutic and
cutaneous Eruptions of every description.

This Vegetable Lotion is invented by Dr. Church, and
administered by him for several years in Europe and Amer-
ica with the most unparalleled success. By the simple
application of this fluid night and morning, or occasionally
thrice a day, it will remove the most sanguineous and alar-
ming scurvy in the face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful,
and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated
Cosmetics, without any of their doubtful and sometimes
dangerous effects. The proprietor, therefore, recommends
it with confidence as a necessary and almost indispensable
appendage to the toilet, in lieu of the common trash,

CREAM DRAWN FROM VIOLETS AND MILK FROM ROSES!!!

A rough, uneven skin its shining appearance, and yellow
and sickly paleness, are by this Lotion effectually re-
moved. In the Shingles and Prickly Heat it is infallible.

A small bottle, at 75 cents, will be found sufficient to
prove its value.---Price, half pints, 75 cents---Pints, one
Dollar 25 cents.

No. 127

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE PENITENT'S CONFESSION.

FROM St. Peter's tower the bell had toll'd,
For the Carmelite Monks to pray,
And the holy priest by the altar kneel'd
On the eve of St. Peter's day!
The sacred light on the altar burn'd,
Where the blessed symbol lay;
The mists for the dead and the rites were laid
For a soul that had pass'd away!—
When the priest came down the altar steps,
He has pass'd through the abbey aisle;
He has mounted, alone, the stair of stone,
To the high Confessional!
In that holy place, for five years' space,
Had never foul confess'd,
Till that hallow'd eve of St. Peter's Cross,
And the sign was on his breast!—
But the deep, deep groans, of that kneeling wretch,
That low at his footstool lay,
His groanings deep, sh' nought could fill,
And the priest arose to pray,
And thrice he crost'd his forehead, bare,
And thrice he crost'd his breast,
And the Penitent's groans, so deep and dread,
Were softned into rest!—
"At the dead of night the deed was done,
And I saw her laid upon the bier;
But that slumbering hand and straining eye
Are ever, ever near!
"No foul shall know from whence, or where,
I came with Elinor!—
That cry, I heard at deep midnight,
I hear for evermore!
"Three nights I watch'd by that livid cause,
They are stamp'd upon my brain!
My heart's best blood I would have given
To have roufed life again.
"I follow'd the hearse to the convent aisle,
But the prayers I dar'd not hear;
Twas nearly dusk when the rites were done;
I knew not what to fear!
"I flood without till all was past,
And the funeral train was gone;
The gathering mist it roll'd like smoke,
I journey'd all alone.
"I heard the bell of the convent tower,
It toll'd for the newly dead,
I had reach'd the wood as the sound began,
I dar'd not turn my head.
"Through the tree's thick tops, all tufted high,
I could hear the night wind I well;
I burst the briars— I pierc'd the brake!—
I did not hear the bell!
"By midnight then I cleav'd the wood,
And I kept by the river's edge;
Twas all I could, through the mist, describ
The watch-light on the bridge.
"On the middle arch—I did not dream!
Twas close by the broken ridge;
On the midmoss arch, just then, I saw
A figure on the bridge.
"Its fluff, white arms, were stretched wide,
I could not pass it then;
I tried to cross on either side,
But it was all in vain.
"And still I saw the outstretch'd arms
Between and the misty sky!
No power could urge me on to pass
That waving figure by.
"The form! the height!—I flood and gas'd!
The robes were white it wove!
One thought of horror struck my heart,
That it was Elinor!—
"It could not be! her grave had clos'd,
And it cover'd was for aye,
I had seen the body of the bier,
And it was stille'd clay:
"How long I flood, I know not now,
Or how it gained near;
But I heard the flapping of the robe,
O holy Father! hear!—
"Three paces brought us side by side,
I had turn'd to the pale watch light,
When it lean'd, O heav'n! upon my arm,
Its dull and deadly weight!

"On my face I felt its streaming hair,
All wet with rain and mist—
I spoke not, for the blood fled back,
And center'd in my breast!
"I moved on,—but that weight of death
Will never leave my brain!
I thought I never might unclasp
That ghastly sum again!
"And on, and on, till day-light shone,
All to the beach of the sandy sea,
The figure dragg'd me by the arm,
And there it quitted me.
"Twice twenty years have come and gone
Since I wander'd on that fated eve;
May'r think thee that a dream of night
My lenses did deceive?
"See, holy priest! and he bar'd his arm,
Was never to mortal known!
And there, O Heaven! for living flesh,
Was a dry and wither'd bone.
The father rose, and bow'd his head
On the blessed cross he wore!
For he quak'd to think that arms had met
The touch of Elinor.
He has drawn aside a velvet shroud,
That hung from the marble wall;
He has kneeled down within the veil,
He spoke not once at all!
Not once of heaven, or pardon given,
By that sacred cross he wore:
For the deep, deep groans, of that kneeling wretch,
He heard for evermore!
Now the night was done and the Penitent gone,
But where, were none to tell;
For, from that hour, the holy priest
Hath never left his cell.
O these were masses for the dead,
And fast and prayers by light and gloom!
And the cross was borne, at deep midnight,
Along the charnel tomb!

EAST-CHESTER, WEST-CHESTER AND HÆRLEM STAGE.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he starts from Abraham Brevoort's, No. 26 Chamber-Street, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, every week, and arrives at George Crawford's Tavern, between five and six o'clock. Starts from East-Chester on Mondays and Fridays, at seven o'clock regularly, drives through West-Chester at eight o'clock, from thence to New-York. The fare for each passenger to West-Chester \$5, to East-Chester \$4. Seats engaged at either of the above places.

JOSIAH PELL.

Mrs. WATSON,

Has removed from No. 114 Broadway, to No. 18 Dey Street, where she has on hand a large assortment of ready-made linen of every description, consisting of Shirts, Sheets, Cravats, elegant embroidered Shirts and Spencers, Ladies Shirt Handkerchiefs embroidered, Childbed linen, &c.

May 7 8w

TO BE SOLD,

BY her own desire, A NEGRO WOMAN, healthy, sober, and honest, about 25 years of age, has neither husband nor children. Also, a steady old BLACK MAN. Enquire of the printer.

May 28

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

This day is published by G & R. WAITE, Printers, Bookellers, Stationers and Patent Medicine Venders, No. 64 Maiden-lane, (price 75 cents) handsomely bound in red, for the pocket,

THE FRUGAL HOUSEWIFE, or COMPLETE WOMAN COOK; wherein the art of dressing all sorts of viands is explained in upwards of five hundred approved receipts.

ALSO,

The method of making English and American WINES.

To which is added,

An Appendix, containing many new and useful receipts, adapted to the American mode of Cooking.

Also this day is published,

BY G. & R. WAITE, (price 75 cents) handsomely bound, THE UNIVERSAL LETTER WRITER;

Or, New Art of Polite Correspondence;

Containing a course of interesting letters on the most important, instructive, and enterprising subjects, which may serve as copies for inditing letters on the various occurrences in life.

May 14.

For Sale at JOHN HARRISON'S Book and Stationary Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

For the Use of the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTÉ.

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapping hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy—this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81,

William-street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatum, all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenish Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizzets, Perfume Caskets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handson Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise Shell and Ivory Combs, Swan-down and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c.

Feb. 26

JUST RECEIVED,

And for sale by T. H. BURNTON, No. 216 Broadway, opposite the City-Hotel, elegant hot pressed embossed letter paper with fancy colored borders. Superfine hot pressed letter paper plain and gilt, visiting cards, plain and gilt; drawing paper of all sizes; drawing books, Water colors; India ink, crayon and camel's hair pencils, warranted lead pencils, bank note cases, Ladies' morocco pocket books and thread cases, warranted scissars, &c. with every article in the stationary line, on the most reasonable terms.

May 14.

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Lately added to M. Nash's Circulating Library, No. 7 Beckman-Street,

The World Displayed, 20 vols. British Classics, 38 vols. Sonnini's Travels into Upper and Lower Egypt, with portraits, views, plans, antiquities, plants, animals &c. and an elegant map of the country, in one quarto volume, Ancharia Travels in Greece, 5 vols. the fifth vol. contains maps, plans, views and coins, illustrative of the geography and antiquities of ancient Greece, Goldsmith's History of the Earth and Animated Nature, 4 vols. history of the London Theatre, 2 vols. Hapless Orphan, aro. Ema Courtney, 1 vol.

TERMS OF THE LIBRARY.

To be paid at the time of subscribing, 3 dolls. 50 cents per year, 2 dolls for 6 months, and 1 doll. 25 cents per quarter.

N. B. Customers are requested to call in the evening.

INDIA TAMBOUR'D MUSLINS.

RICHARD MULHERAN informs his friends and the public, that he has for sale No. 12 Peck-Slip, a large and general assortment of DRY GOODS, amongst which are,

India Malmol Muslins Tamboured,

do, do, Plain,

do, Jaconet do,

Colored cambric do. All of which he will sell che-

for CASH.

May 14.

E. WOOFFENDALE,

Milliner and Mantua-maker, removed from No. 16 Water-street, to No. 154 Broadway. Four girls of good characters, wanted to learn the trade.

May 7.

JAMES ALWAYS,

Windsor Chair Maker, informs his friends and the public in general, that he continues to make Windsor Chairs at No. 40 James street, where he will thankfully receive every order in the above line. He likewise informs the public, that he has good accommodations for drying old chairs when repainted, and will take them from any part of the town, and return them in good order. He will paint them green, or any fancy color, at a very low price.

April 2. 53 2m.

GEORGE YOULE,

PLUMBER and PAINTER, No. 298 Water-street, between Peck and New-Slips, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the above business exclusively; and that any orders with which he may be favored will be executed with punctuality and dispatch on moderate terms. Sheet Lead manufactured, equal to any imported. ~~get~~ Worms for stills, Candle Moulds, and a general assortment of Pewter Articles. An Apprentice wanted to the above business.

Oct. 16. 29 2y

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip, BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS of all kinds.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY JOHN HARRISON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.
One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, paid in advance.

VOL. X

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